His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate his oath, or what beſides
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
Their power I geſſe them fifty thouſand ſtrong.
Now if the helpe of Norfolke and my ſelfe,
Can but amount to eight and forty thouſand,
With all the friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Among the louing Welſhmen canſt procure,
Why via, to London will we march amaine,
And once againe beſtride our foming Steeds,
And once againe cry, Charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I now methinkes I heare great *Warwicke* ſpeake:
Nere may he liue to ſee a Sunſhine day,
That cries retire, when *Warwicke* bids him ſtay.

Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, on thy ſhoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, muſt Edward fall:
Which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree is, Englands royall King;
And King of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd,
In euery burrough as we paſſe along:
And he that caſts not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the offence make forfeite of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect theſe reſolutions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Duke of Norfolke ſends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puiſſant power,
And craues your company for ſpeedy counſell.

War. Why then it ſorts braue Lords.
Let's march away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the Northerne Earles, with drumme and Souldiours.

Queen. Welcome my Lord to this braue Towne of Yorke,
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemy,
That ſought to be impaled with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiect pleaſe your eye my Lord?

King. Euen as the rockes pleaſe them that fear their wracke.
With-hold reuenge deere God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Lord, this too much lenity
And harmefull pitty muſt be layde aſide,
To whom do Lyons caſt their gentle lookes?
Not to the beaſt that would vſurpe his den.
Whoſe hand is that the ſauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that ſpoyles his young before his face.
Who ſcapes the lurking Serpents mortall ſting?
Not he that ſets his foote vpon her backe.
The ſmalleſt worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in reſcue of their brood.
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou ſmiling, while hee knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his ſonne a King,
And raiſe his iſſue like a louing Sire.
Thou being a King, bleſt with a goodly ſonne,
Didſt giue conſent to diſinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a moſt vnnaturall Father.
Vnreaſonable creatures feede their yong,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeene them euen with thoſe ſame wings,
Which they haue ſometime vſde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climbes vnto their Neſt,
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For ſhame my Lord, make them your preſident.

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